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Uncle Terry

....By....

CHARLES CLARK MUNN

SYNOPSIS.—Uncle Terry is the keeper of the Cape light on Southport Island. He has an adopted daughter Telly (Etelka), grown to womanhood, who was rescued when a baby from the wreck of the Norwegian ship Peterson. Albert and Alice Page are two orphans with a heritage of debt, living in the village of Sandgate. Albert is a college graduate, and through the influence of his chum, Frank Nason, gets a position in the law office of "Old Nick" Frye in Boston. Frye is a scoundrel and is attorney for Frank's father, a wealthy Boston merchant. He wants Albert to keep up his intimacy with Frank, who has a yacht, plenty of money and nothing to do but amuse himself. In an evening's outing with Frank, Albert fritters away $20. At the same time Alice is walking four miles a day to teach school and supporting herself and Aunt Susan. Frye increases Albert's pay from $75 to $175 a month as a bribe to spy upon the Nasons. Albert tells Frank of his debts, Alice's struggles and his dislike of expensive follies. Frank confesses his disgust with an idle life and induces his father to make Albert his attorney in place of Frye. Albert has $2,500 a year to attend to Nason's affairs. He takes Frank to his village home for Christmas, with the inevitable result that his friend is smitten with Alice. Frank is delighted with the country holiday of sleighrides and skating. Alice keeps him at a distance and tells her brother that his chum ought to work for a living. A notice appears in the papers calling for the heirs of Eric Peterson of Stockholm, whose son and his wife and child were wrecked on the Maine coast. Frye is the attorney. Uncle Terry goes to Boston and after telling his story in full gives Frye $200 to recover the estate for Telly. Frank takes a hint from Alice and studies law. Albert plans a summer vacation trip to his home for himself and chum. Alice resolves not to fall in love with the city chap according to the plot. Alice avoids meeting Frank alone. However, he scatters tips so freely among the villagers that gossips set him down as a millionaire courting the pretty schoolma'am. Frank's yacht, Gypsy, lands on Southport island. Albert gets lost and the yacht sails without him. He falls in with Uncle Terry, meets Telly, of course, and learns the story of the inheritance. Albert returns to the yacht, confessing that he has fallen in love with a beach girl. He goes back to the Cape and sketches Telly in the pose he first saw her. Frye gets all the proofs in Telly's case and calls for more money. Albert takes the matter in hand, meanwhile losing his heart hopelessly to Telly.

CHAPTER XXV.

"HOW did ye like the prayer meetin'?" asked Uncle Terry the next morning as Albert stood watching him getting ready to start on his daily rounds. "Did the Widder Leach make ye feel ye was a hopeless sinner?"

"It was an interesting experience," replied Albert, "and one I shall not soon forget."

"Oh, it don't do 'em no harm to git together an' pray an' sing, an' most likely it divarts their minds from other troubles; but, in my way o' thinkin', prayin' is a good deal like a feller tryin' to lift himself by his boot straps. It encourages him some, but he don't git much further." Then he added, "You haven't thought o' no way to git me out o' my scrape, hev ye?"

"I have thought a good deal about it," replied Albert, "and the best way, it seems to me, is for you to go to Frye and tell him you can't afford to carry the case any further and offer to pay whatever fee he sees fit to ask. You can tell him you will give up the case entirely, and ask him to return the proofs you want. I may decide to have a detective within hearing, so that if he refuses you these things we can use the detective as a witness in a replevin suit. Most likely he will demand quite a sum, but it is best to pay it if we can get the proofs. I will advance money enough to cover what he is likely to ask. What I want you to do is to wait until he sends for more money; then come to me at once."

Uncle Terry looked at Albert a moment and suddenly, grasping his hand, exclaimed, "I can't thank ye 'nough for yer offer to help me, but I kin say how sorry I am I distrusted ye at fust, an' as long as I've a roof to cover my head ye're sure to find a welcome under it an' the latchstring allus out."

"I thank you for your kindly words, Mr. Terry," responded Albert, "and I am likely to avail myself of your invitation again before the summer is over. I expect my friends back today and must join them, but I assure you I would much prefer to stay here for the two weeks I have planned for my outing."

"Ye won't go till I see ye again, will ye?" asked Uncle Terry anxiously.

"No. If the Gypsy shows up today we will stay in the harbor tonight, and I should like to have you and Miss Telly visit her." Then as the old man pushed off and pulled out of the cove with long, slow strokes, Albert watched him with a new interest. "Poor old fellow!" he thought. "He is honest as the day is long and has a heart of gold beneath his blunt speech. How hard he has to work for what he gets, and what a vile thing in Frye to rob him so!" When the old man was out of sight Albert strolled over to the village. On the outer side of the harbor and opposite where the houses were he came to some long rows of slat benches, and busy at work spreading split fish upon them was the old lady who had thanked the Lord so fervently at the prayer meeting.

For an hour he strolled around the harbor watching the men at work on boats or fishing gear and sniffing the salt sea odor of the ocean breeze, and then returned to the point and began sketching the lighthouse. He was absorbed in that when he heard a sharp whistle, and, looking up, there was the Gypsy just entering the harbor. He ran to the cove where he had left his boat, and by the time the yacht was anchored had pulled alongside. To his surprise no one was aboard but Frank. "Where are the rest of the boys?" he asked, as that young man grasped his boat. Frank laughed. "Well, just about now they are playing tennis and calling 'fifteen love' and 'thirty love' with a lot of girls down at Bar Harbor. The fact is, Bert," he continued as Albert stepped aboard, "our gander cruise has come to an end. They ran into some girls they knew, and after that all the Gypsy was good for was a place to eat and sleep in. I've run her up here and shall let you keep her with you until you get ready to go home. I'm going to cut sticks for the mountains, and if I can get one of the girls to go with me I may visit Sandgate."

Albert laughed heartily. "Want to hear some one sing 'Ben Bolt' again?" he queried.

"Well, maybe," replied Frank. "The fact of the matter is, the whole trip

She bade him goodby.

has gone wrong from the start. You know what I wanted, but as it couldn't be, I did the next best thing and made up this party, and now the cruise has ended in a fizzle. By the way, where is the girl with the wonderful eyes you met here?"

"Just now I imagine she's helping her mother in the house," answered Albert quietly; and then he added, "Well, what is the programme, and where are you going with the Gypsy?"

"I want to be landed at the nearest port where I can reach a railroad, and then you can do as you please with her. My skipper will do your bidding."

"What about the rest of the boys?"

"Well, you can run to Bar Harbor and dance with the girls until the rest want to come back, or you can do as you please. The Gypsy is yours as long as you want her after I'm ashore. I think I'll run up to Bath and take the night train for the mountains if there is one. If not, we will lie at Bath overnight."

"I must go ashore and leave word I am coming back," said Albert. "The fact is I've found a client in this Mr. Terry, and it's an important matter."

"So is the blue eyed girl, I imagine," observed Frank, with a droll smile. When the irrepressible owner of the Gypsy had deserted her Albert returned to the Cape and remained there for a week. How many little trips he induced his new found friends to take on her during that time, how much gossip it created in the village and how many happy hours he and Telly passed together! The last day but one of his stay he invited everybody at the Cape, old or young, to go out on a short cruise, and nearly all accepted.

When the morning of his departure came, Uncle Terry said, "I hope we'll see ye soon, Mr. Page, and ye're sure of a welcome here, so don't forget us," and then he pulled away on his daily round to his traps.

Telly accompanied Albert to the cove where his boat was and bade him goodby. When the yacht rounded the point she was there waving an adieu and remained there until lost from sight.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE one point of pride in Nicholas Frye's nature was his absolute belief in his own shrewdness. "They can't get the best of me," he would say to himself when he had won an unusually knotty case. He knew he was both hated and feared by his fellow members of the bar. Being hated he didn't mind, and being feared flattered his vanity to an intense degree. When Uncle Terry put himself in his power and, like a good natured old sheep, stood to be sheared, Frye only laughed at his client's stupidity and set out to continue the robbery as long as possible. Messrs. Thygeson & Co. of Stockholm, who had first employed him to hunt up an heir to the estate of old Eric Peterson, whose son Nells and his young wife had been lost on the coast of Maine, fared no better. To them he only stated that he had found several promising clews and was following them as rapidly as possible, but it all cost money, and would they kindly send a draft on account for necessary expenses, etc. When Albert had taken away his best client the old scoundrel suffered the worst blow to his vanity he ever received. "Curse the fellow!" he would say to himself. "I'll pay him and have revenge if I live long enough. No man ever got the best of me, and in the long run no man ever shall!"

But there is a Nemesis that follows evil doers in this world, ready to strike with an invisible hand all who are lost to the sense of right and justice. In Frye's case the avenging goddess lurked in his inordinate belief in his own shrewdness, coupled with a fatuous love of speculation. A few lucky ventures at first in the stock market had fanned the flame.

Then along came a war cloud in Europe. Stocks began to drop and provisions to advance. September wheat was then selling in Chicago at 90 cents. Frye bought 50,000 bushels on a margin. France and Germany growled, and wheat rose to 94. Frye sold, clearing $2,000. Then it dropped a cent, and Frye bought a hundred thousand bushels more. Once again the war cloud grew black, and wheat rose to 98. The papers were full of wild rumors, and the Wall Street Bugle said wheat would look cheap at a dollar and a half inside of a month. Then it advanced to $1, and Frye lost his head. His holdings showed a profit of $7,000, and sudden riches stared him in the face. Once more the two bellicose foreign powers growled and showed their teeth. Wheat rose another cent, and Frye doubled his holdings. Then the powers that had growled smiled faintly, and in one day wheat fell to 93 and was still falling. At every drop of a cent he was called upon for $2,000. Day by day it vibrated, now going up a cent and then dropping two, and when Uncle Terry and Albert were discussing how to checkmate his further robbing of the lighthouse keeper he was, with muttered curses, watching his ill gotten gains vanish to the tune of many thousand dollars per diem. He neglected his business, went without his meals and forgot to shave. He had mortgaged his real estate for $20,000, and that was nearly gone. Wheat was now down to 80, and France and Germany were shaking hands.

Frye could not sleep nights. His margins were almost exhausted and his resources as well. He had put up $40,000, and if wheat fell 3 cents more it would be all swept away. Then he executed a second mortgage at high interest and waited. It was the last shot in his locker, and all that stood between him and ruin, but wheat advanced 2 cents, and he began to hope. He had absolutely ignored business for two weeks, and now he went to work again. To collect the little due him and raise all the money he could was his sole thought. He wrote to Thygeson & Co. that he had at last found the heir they were in search of and described what proofs he held, at the same time stating that on receipt of his fee of a thousand dollars all and sufficient proofs of identity of the claimant would be forwarded. Then he wrote to Uncle Terry and demanded $300 more. September wheat had now fallen to 78.

CHAPTER XXVII.

BLANCH NASON, Frank's younger sister, was his good friend and sympathizer and in all the family discussions had usually taken his part. His elder sister, Edith, was, like her mother, rather arrogant and supercilious, and considered her brother as lacking in family pride and liable to disgrace them by some unfortunate alliance. It was to Blanch he always turned when he needed sympathy and help, and to her he appeared the day after he had left the Gypsy. His coming to the mountains surprised her not a little.

"Why, what has brought you here, Frank?" she asked. "I thought you were having high jinks down in Maine on the yacht with your cronies."

"Oh, that is played out," he answered. "The boys are at Bar Harbor, having a good time. Bert is at a little unheard of place saying sweet things to a pretty girl he found there, and I got lonesome, so I came up here to see you and get you to help me."

"I thought so," answered Blanch, laughing. "You never did come to me unless you wanted help. Well, who is the girl now, and what do you want?"

Frank looked surprised.

"How do you know it is a girl?" he asked.

"It usually is with you," she answered, eying him curiously. "So out with it. What's her name?"

"Alice Page," he replied.

"What, the girl you wanted us to invite to go on the yacht?" asked Blanch.

"That's the one, and, as you know, she wouldn't come."

"Which shows her good sense," interrupted Blanch. "Well, what can I do in the matter?"

"Much if you want to, and nothing if you don't," he answered. "The fact is, sis, I want you to pack a trunk and go with me to call on her. She is mighty proud, and I imagine that is why she turned the cold shoulder on my efforts to get her to come to Boston to meet you all. Now, if you go there, if only for one night, the ice will be broken, and of course you will invite her to visit you and all will go well."

"A nice little scheme," responded Blanch, "but what will mamma and Ede say?"

"Oh, never mind them," answered the plotter. "They need never know it. Just tell them you are going to Saratoga with me for a few days. We will go there if you like, only we will stop off at Sandgate on the way. Now, do this for me, sis, and I'll buy you the earth when Christmas comes!"

"Well, you will have to stay here until Monday," said Blanch, "and be real nice to mamma and Ede all the time, or I can't fix it. Lucky for you,

All three sang.

Master Frank, that they are out driving now!"

"But why must we wait four days?" asked Frank petulantly.

"Because, my love lorn brother, in the first place I don't want to miss the Saturday night hop, and then we are booked for a buckboard ride tomorrow. Another reason is I mean to pay you for turning your back on us and going off on the Gypsy."

That afternoon Frank wrote Alice the longest letter she had ever received, nine full pages. It was received with some pleasure and a little vexation by Alice.

"Mr. Nason and his sister are coming here Monday," said she to Aunt Susan, "and we must put on our best bib and tucker, I suppose. But how we can contrive to entertain his sister is beyond me." Nevertheless, she was rather pleased at the prospective visitation. Her school had been closed for over a month and her daily life was becoming decidedly monotonous. When Albert had written regarding the invitation the Nasons had extended, she believed it was due solely to Frank's influence, and when that young man tried to obtain her consent to join a yachting party, providing his mother and sister decided to go, she was morally sure of it. But it made no difference, for if the supposedly aristocratic Mrs. Nason had sent her a written invitation she was the last person in the world to accept it. To so go out of her way for the possible opportunity of allowing the only son of a rich family to pay court to her was not characteristic of Alice Page. Rather a thousand times would she teach school in single blessedness all her life than be considered as putting herself in the way of a probable suitor. Of her own feelings toward Frank she was not at all sure. He was a good looking young fellow and no doubt stood well socially. At first she had felt a little contempt for him, due to his complaints that he had hard work to kill time. When she received the letter announcing his determination to study law and become a useful man in the world she thought better of him. When he came up in June it became clear that he was in love with her. So self evident were his feelings that she at that time felt compelled to avoid giving him a chance to express them. Her heart was and always had been entirely free from the pangs of love, and while his devotion was in a way quite flattering, the one insurmountable barrier was his family. Had he been more diplomatic he would never have told her his mother frowned at him when he danced twice with a poor girl.

"I am a poor girl," Alice thought, when he made the admission, "but I'll wear old clothes all my life before his haughty mother shall read him a lecture for dancing twice with me."

Ever since the day Mrs. Mears had related the village gossip to her she had thought a good many times about the cause of it, but to no one had she mentioned the matter. Her only associate, good natured Abby Miles, had never dared to speak of it, and Aunt Susan was wise enough not to.

Now that Frank and his fashionable sister were coming to Sandgate, Alice felt a good deal worried. Firstly, she knew her own stock of gowns was inadequate. While not vain of her looks, she yet felt his sister would consider her countrified in dress or else realize the truth that she was painfully poor. She had made the money her brother gave her go as far as possible. Her own small salary was not more than enough to pay current expenses. When the day and train arrived, and she had ushered her two guests to their rooms, her worry began. A trunk had come, and as she busied herself to help Aunt Susan get supper under way before she changed her dress she was morally sure Miss Nason would appear in a gown fit for a state dinner. But when she was dressed and went out on the porch, where her guests were, she found Miss Blanch attired in a white muslin, severe in its simplicity. It was a pleasant surprise, and at no time during their stay did Alice consider herself poorly clad. During the conversation that evening Blanch gave an interesting description of her life in the mountains, who were there, what gowns the ladies wore, the hops, drives, tennis, croquet and whist games, and when that topic was exhausted Alice turned to Frank and said, "Now, tell us about your trip."

"There is not much to tell," he answered in a disappointed tone. "The fact is, my yachting trip was a failure. I had a two weeks' trip all mapped out, no end of stores on board, and anticipated lots of fun, but it didn't materialize. The second day Bert got left on the island, and we didn't find him until the next day. In the meantime he had found a pretty girl and acted as if he had become smitten with her. Then we ran to Bar Harbor, and the rest of the boys found some girls they knew and decided that a gander cruise had lost its charms. So I threw up my hands and turned the Gypsy over to Bert, and for all I know or care he is using her to entertain his island fairy."

Alice joined with Blanch in a good laugh at Frank's description of his trip.

When the chitchat slowed down Alice said: "I don't know how to entertain you two good people in this dull place. There are mountains and woods galore and lots of pretty drives. And," looking at Frank, "I know where there is a nice mill pond full of lilies and an old moss covered mill and a miller that looks like a picture in story books. There is also a drive to the top of the mountain, where the view is simply grand. I have a steady going and faithful old horse, and we will go wherever you like."

"Do not worry about me, Miss Page," replied Blanch. "If I can see mountain and woods I am perfectly happy."

When the evening was nearing its close Frank begged Alice to sing, but she declined.

"Do you play or sing, Miss Nason?" she asked cautiously.

"Oh, please don't be afraid of me," was the answer. "I never touched a piano in my life. Once in awhile I join in the chorus, as they say, for my own amusement and the amazement of others, but that is all."

It wasn't all, for she played the guitar and sang sweetly. Finally Alice was persuaded to open the piano, and then out upon the still night air there floated many an old time ballad. After that she played selections from a few of the latest light operas that Frank had sent her and then turned away. "Oh, don't stop now," exclaimed both her guests at once. "Sing a few more songs." Then, with almost an air of proprietorship, Frank arose and, going to the piano, searched for and found a well worn song. Without a word he opened it and placed it on the music rack. It was "Ben Bolt!" A faint color rose in Alice's face, but she turned and played the prelude without a word. When she had sung the first verse, to her surprise Blanch was standing beside her and joined her voice in the next one. When it was finished Frank insisted on a repetition, and after that all three sang a dozen more of the sweet old time songs so familiar to all. Then Alice left the room to bring in a light lunch, and Frank seized the opportunity to say, "Well, sis, what do you think?"

"I think," she replied, "that you were foolish to go yachting at all. If I had been you I should have come up here in the first place, stayed at the hotel and courted her every chance I could. I am in love with her myself, and we haven't been here six hours."

Frank stepped up to her quickly and, taking her face in his hands, kissed her.

TO BE CONTINUED.

TERRORS OF A NAVAL BATTLE.

Subject Fully Illustrated In the Destruction of the Variag.

Never since the development of the modern ironclad has the medical department of the United States navy had so perfect an opportunity to study the terrific effects on shipboard of modern heavy gun fire as that presented in the short and fatal struggles for life of the Russian crews of the Variag and Korietz, and the department has been waiting with the greatest interest for the report of Dr. H. D. Wilson of the Vicksburg. This was received last Wednesday by Surgeon General Rixey, and it is said to be of the greatest value, not only for the technical lessons it teaches, but also as conclusively sustaining the statements made by Captain Marshall of the Vicksburg, as to the tender of assistance to the Russian crews. The report bearing on that incident is as follows:

"Immediately after the Russian cruiser Variag had returned from the fight with the Japanese fleet, and had anchored, I was directed by the captain of this ship (Vicksburg) to go on board and offer to do anything possible in assisting to take care of the wounded. The Russian commander accepted the offer and requested me to go below, where the wounded were being carried.

"The medical officers from the English, French and Italian ships were on board at work, they having arrived before me, as their ships were anchored much nearer the Russian.

"On deck were most of the dead as they had been instantly killed by the guns; below the wounded were being cared for; each medical officer selecting a convenient place to dress them. It was impracticable to do more than apply needed dressing of a most temporary nature, as there were so many cases needing immediate attention, and also it was not known but that the Japanese would resume the fight at any time, as the Russian ship had not surrendered, when she returned to the inner harbor.

"No attempt was made to perform operations, and as soon as dressings were applied the wounded were put in boats and taken to some of the foreign ships as the Russian captain intended to leave his ship and sink her. I offered to send any wounded on board the U. S. ship Zafiro, which was in port, as the commanding officer of the Vicksburg had directed me to proffer her services for the wounded. The offer was declined by both the captain and the executive officer, they informing me that there was sufficient room on the other war ships.

"I think the engagement showed that it will be impossible to attend the wounded during an engagement between modern ships, unless the number of medical attendants is tremendously increased. With the present allowance the wounded would be obliged to take care of themselves until the fight was over."

☞ When a man is ashamed of his religion he is generally justified in the feeling.

Miscellaneous Reading.

SEVENTH TO FIRST DAY.

Change Was Made at Beginning of New Dispensation.

Written for the Yorkville Enquirer:

The question has doubtless arisen in the minds of many, Why has the Sabbath been changed from the seventh to the first day of the week? From the Old Testament we find that the seventh day was always the Sabbath with the Jewish nation. Indeed, the commandment says distinctly, "The seventh is the Sabbath of the Lord thy God." In the New Testament we find no command given to make the change from the seventh to the first day of the week, and yet the Christian church everywhere observes the first day of the week as the Sabbath. The question then naturally arises, Why was the change made? Was it made with Divine sanction?

The first question to be settled is "Was there anything to prevent a change? Anything either in the day itself or in the command that demanded the seventh to be kept continually as the Sabbath? Looking at the command we read, "Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work, but the seventh is the Sabbath." "The seventh is the Sabbath." What seventh is this? Is it the seventh counting from the time God began his creating work? If so man began his life by keeping the Sabbath, for he was created sometime during the sixth day. Is it the seventh from the day man was created? If so, then man's Sabbath could not fall on the same day of God's resting, which is the very thing to be commemorated by our keeping the Sabbath. Is not the seventh rather the day that follows six days of labor? "Six days shalt thou labor—but the seventh is the Sabbath." The seventh, the day that follows the six days of toil. It commemorates God's resting after six days of creating work. Hence to us the command is work six, rest one—the one following the six work days.

The spirit of the command is that one-seventh of our time must be given to God. Six days for our own employment, one to keep holy for God. Not the eighth or ninth or twelfth, but the seventh is the Sabbath—one day out of every seven, one-seventh of your time. It is evident then that the keeping of the first day of the week fulfills both the letter and spirit of the law just as fully as the keeping of the seventh did.

Again, there is nothing in the nature of the day itself to prevent a change. One day is no more intrinsically holy than another. The thing that hallows the day is the setting it apart for a sacred purpose. This must be perfectly evident when we consider that on account of the shape of our earth no two nations observe precisely the same day. While it is day here it is night on the other side of the globe. Clearly then it is the spirit of the law we are required to obey, and the spirit of the law is one-seventh of your time belongs to God—one day out of every seven.

The second question that arises is, Was there anything that called for a change? Clearly there was. The central figure of the Old Testament prophecy—the coming Christ—had appeared. The shadows were giving place to the substance. The types and figures were giving place to the great anti-type. "The sun of Judaism was now setting and a new and more glorious era was beginning to dawn. As everything peculiarly Jewish was about to be removed it was eminently proper that there should be a change of day as well as of dispensation. As the day was employed to signalize the resting of the creator from his first work—the work of creation—and as he had now finished His second and even greater work of redemption and had entered upon His second rest it seem peculiarly appropriate that this purpose should be grafted upon so that, without in the least interfering with its original purpose and design it might also ever stand as a lasting memorial of the resurrection of our Lord and Savior." The change of day has in no way affected the sanctity of the Sabbath save to add a new and peculiarly sacred thought. So now with each return of the Sabbath we are reminded not only of God's rest from His creating work but also of our Savior's rest from His glorious redemptive work.

Now, What are the facts in the case? The first and great fact that meets us is that our Savior rose on the first day of the week. Of His ten recorded appearances after the resurrection five were on that first day. His next appearance was one week later on the first day of the next week. So far as the record goes He never appeared on the seventh day. Both by His resurrection and appearances He seems to have utterly ignored the seventh day—the Jewish Sabbath—and given pre-eminence to the first day. Does not this in itself create a strong presumptive argument?

Again, Pentecost, the day of the outpouring of His spirit upon the disciples, preparing them for their life work was on the first day of the week. John when in banishment on Patmos, says that it was the Lord's Day when the vision appeared to him. What was the "Lord's Day?" The "Lord's Supper" is the supper instituted by the Lord; the "Lord's Day" then must be the day appointed by the Lord. John evidently knew that the change from the seventh to the first day had been made.

Again, Paul in his journey tarried several days at Troas, and proceeded then on the first day of the week, when they came together to break bread, i. e., to celebrate the Lord's Supper. So, too, that apostle commanded that collections be taken in all the churches on the first day of the week. Evidently then, that was the day appointed everywhere for service.

Once more, it is an undisputed fact that from the time of the apostles to the present day the church has observed the first day of the week as the Sabbath. The earliest records show that the churches even during the lifetime of the apostles observed the first day. There is a chain of history from the days of the apostles to the present time and nowhere is there the slightest evidence to prove that any individual or church council decreed that change. With these facts before us we are driven to the conclusion that the change of day was made by the apostles in compliance with the master's command.

H. J. MILLS.

CALLS CONVENTION A FARCE.

No Regard For Democratic Principles, And Ben Tillman Still King.

Mr. Charles H. Henry, editor of the Spartanburg Journal, who attended the State convention as a member of the Spartanburg delegation, has written the following review of the session to his paper:

The State Democratic convention was a farce so far as Democracy went. There were no principles espoused and no candidate for president who is in any way committed to clearly defined principles was supported or mentioned. The platform adopted was merely a statement of the commonest principles of good citizenship and the orthodox southern view on the race question. Except for the latter feature it might just as consistently have been adopted by a Republican convention.

The keynote of the convention was "anything and anybody to win; anything to beat the terrible Teddy." The present good times and well nigh universal prosperity, including high prices for cotton and other farm products for South Carolina farmers were described by fervid orators as presenting a "great crisis" and an issue more momentous than has been presented at any presidential election for a quarter of a century. Notwithstanding this "crisis" and "momentous issue" the convention did not state in its platform just what it consisted in or offer any practical remedy.

"We want to win," was the plaintive cry of every speaker. Parker was named as the candidate likely to poll the most votes, but every time his nomination was advocated the speaker was careful to add that if anybody could be found who could get more votes than Parker such was the man to nominate, presumably without regard to political principles or purposes. No curiosity was expressed as to Judge Parker's views on public questions.

Senator Tillman dominated the convention absolutely and completely. At his suggestion it would have instructed the delegation to the national convention to support Grover Cleveland, William J. Bryan, Eugene V. Debs or John Most. On his nomination it would have elected John G. Capers state chairman and E. H. Deas member of the Democratic national committee. He permitted the convention to disport itself within certain limits and some ambitious statesmen went home imagining that they had been its leaders. He would not, however, permit the convention to instruct the delegates for Judge Parker or even to endorse him and when called on for a statement of his own intentions would say nothing more favorable than that Parker was "unobjectionable" to him at present, but might become so in a day. The other delegates in response to a ridiculous and undignified resolution passed by a narrow majority of nineteen votes stated that "with the present lights before them" they were inclined to support Parker. Not a single delegate was heard to say that he was for Parker first, last and all the time. He was supported purely on the ground of availability and anybody else would suit as well, provided he could win.

The convention was composed for the most part of town and court house politicians and the absence of farmers was strongly in evidence and demonstrated the fact that a good price for cotton has killed their interest in national politics. So long as they can get 12 to 15 cents for the fleecy staple and fair and profitable prices for other farm products they decline to become excited or alarmed over the impending disasters of Rooseveltism, as pictured by the Democratic orators and newspapers in the absence of any other issue. The farmers are busy cultivating their crops while the local politicians assemble at Columbia and evolve a brand of Democracy that would not be changed in one jot or tittle by those eminent Democrats, John D. Rockefeller, August Belmont or J. Pierpont Morgan.

And these same local and court house politicians, who fawned at the feet of the mighty Tillman and responded to his slightest suggestion and acted only with his permission and acquiescence, and loaded him with honors and distinctions, are the same men who ten years ago and four years ago and even two years ago could not say enough of abuse concerning him and could not sufficiently impugn his motives and malign his purposes. The power of the man is really wonderful. While his portrait looked down from the north wall of the hall of the house of representatives he sat quiet and unobtrusive, made no speech, and yet held the 350 representatives of the Democracy of South Carolina in the hollow of his hand, and proved that there are no longer among our people either personal animosities or divided interest on political issues.

The convention was a well behaved and eminently respectable body of men, representing the single idea of opposition to the Republican party on the race question. This was the only issue on which the convention took any stand at all and, of course, on this every man who values our southern civilization and the integrity of the Caucasian race knows it is eternally and everlastingly right. It is a sad day for American politics, however, if this is the only issue left for the Democratic party, but there was nothing in the proceedings of this convention to indicate that any other question was worth considering by the Democrats of South Carolina.

☞ A writer on India says: "The snakes that are most worthy of dread as inmates of Indian gardens are the terrible daboias, 'Viperia russelli.' They are truly superb reptiles, for, while the coloring of their armor is relatively quiet, it would be hard to find any finer harmony than that presented by its tints of ocherous brown, on which a series of shining black rings with lighter margins are disposed in triple rows from the neck to within a short distance from the end of the tail. Daboias are sluggish and inert, and often lie coiled up and motionless on footpaths until they are actually touched or trodden on by passers-by, when they suddenly unfold like a released spring armed with terrible teeth. There is none of the warning and preparation here that there is where a cobra is about to strike; no sitting up and threatening, but an instantaneous and deadly assault. When they have laid hold, too, they hang on and worry in a sickening fashion whilst they strive to inject as much as possible of their tenacious yellow venom."